Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too
Thou ſlewest my husband Henry in the To
And Edward my poore ſonne at Teuxburie.
Glo. Ere you were queene, yea or your hu
I was a pack-horſe in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To roy alize his blood I ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood the
Glo. In all which time, you and your husban
Were factious for the houſe of Lancanſter:
And Riuers, ſo were you. Was not your husba
In Margarets battale at Saint Albons ſlaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if yours forget
What you haue beene ere now, and what you
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and ſo ſtil
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſake his father V
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardo
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the cr
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed v
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwa
Or Edwards ſoft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this world.
Q. M. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leaue
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lord of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie da
Which here you vrge to proóue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Q. M. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſupp
You ſhould enioy, were you this countries kin
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof.
Q. M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene the
For I am ſhe, and altogether ioyleſſe.